Speculum Crape-Gownorum:

OR, A

Looking-Glass

FOR THE

Young Academicks, new Foyl'd.

WITH

REFLECTIONS

On some of the late

HIGH-FLOWN SERMONS.

To which is added,

An ESSAY towards a SERMON of the Newest Fashion.

By a Guide to the Inferiour Clergie.

Or,

——Ridentem dicere Verum
Quis Vetat?——

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THIS a miſtake---They that ſhould Guide and Conduct the Converſation of others, run in ſhoals to learn Loyalty from the heavenly Diſcourſes of *Roger L'Eſtrange*; and happy is he that can neareſt approach to his directions in their Pulpit Harangues. There is no queſtion to be made, but that all who underſtand the excellency and perfection of Church-Diſcipline, muſt confeſs the Church of *England*, under its preſent Conſtitution, to be the moſt Orthodox, the moſt pure, without the Phylacteries of Hypocritical Ceremonies, and the cloſeſt to primitive Inſtitution of any Religion in the World. And this is further to be ſaid for the Proteſtant Engliſh Clergy, that you rarely hear of any that fall under thoſe publick Scandals and Reproaches, for which the Romiſh Clergy, from the higheſt to the loweſt, are loudly and ſo generally taxed, ſo that they ſin more out of Vanity than Wickedneſs.

But the Nation is ſo overſtocked with *Crape Gowns*, that 'tis impoſſible but that in ſuch a number there muſt be failings among them, ſubject to great Remark and Obſervation: An ill Omen of ſick Divinity when it comes to be mantled in the ſhrouds appropriated for the dead. Now theſe men in Crape, as they are generally young, ſo they are generally very highly conceited. A character which they will much more advance, if they refuſe to receive the Admoniſhments of others, as they undertake

to be the Inſtructers of others themſelves. And therefore they will do well kindly to accept of this Mirror here preſented them, to place it in their Studies, and view it every morning, by which means they will be able to find the reaſon why ſome of their Churches are ſo empty, others ſo numerouſly thronged, and by reforming their own contemplated blemiſhes, gain an eſteem, both of their perſons and their Doctrine, more operative upon the good Opinions of the People.

'Tis moſt certain then, that there is ſomething which does leſſen the value of many of our Clergy, and render them leſs ſerviceable to the Church, than might be reaſonably hoped for: And this may be referred to two very plain things, the Ignorance of ſome, and the Poverty of others.

This proceeds in part from the old faſhioned Methods and Diſcipline of Schooling itſelf: by vertue of which Lads are kept till Sixteen or Seventeen Years of Age, in a pure ſlavery to a few Latine and Greek words, tormented with a tedious ſtory how *Phaeton* brake his Neck, or how many Nuts and Apples *Tityrus* had for his Supper; and inſtead of being inticed and charmed into a Love of Learning, are well laſhed into an abhorrency of their Studies.

Add to this the inconſiderate ſending of all ſorts of Lads to the Univerſities, let their parts be never ſo low and mean, the Inſtructions they have been tutored with, al never ſo Pedantick and contemptible, and the Purſes of their friends never ſo bare and ſhort to maintain them there, if they have but the commendation of ſome lamentable Soul, or pittiful conſtruing Pedant, it paſſes for a moſt undoubted Approbation of the Striplings Learning, and that they will prove perſons very [illegible] in the Church: as much as to ſay, if a Lad [illegible]

otherwise a Jolthead, have but so much memory as to sing over to a lamentable Tune Three or Four Scanzas of *Lilly*'s Poetry; if he be quick and ready to tell what's latine for all the Implements in his Fathers Shop, or his Mothers Kitchin, if he can but tell a *Sponde* from a *Dactyl*, lastly, if he can give ready answers to the usual Catechism, of *What is his name*? Where went he to School? What Books he has learn'd? I profess a *Notable Wit*, cries the *Pedagogue*: a hopeful Youth, 'tis a Thousand pities but he should be a Scholar; he'l prove a brave Clergy man, and an excellent Preacher I warrant ye. Then away with him presently to the University, where he learns a little Logick, and a little Ethicks, and to speak Truth and shame the Devil, a very little of every thing else, and then the next time you meet him, whip! he's got into the Pulpit.

Well, when they have him at the Universitie, what do they do with him there? There, if he be of the inferior sort, that he may not over-heat his Brains with Study, he is put to Bed-making, Chamber-sweeping, and Water-fetching, which are no question great preservatives against vain Philosophy.

However, the *Fellow* whom he serves, cannot but in pitie, if not for Conscience sake, let him glean some small morsels of his Knowledge, which costs him no more then only the expence of that time while the young Sizar is pulling off his Masters Stockins, or warming his Nightcap: from thence he learns, *Quid est Logica? Quæ sunt Virtutes morales?* and to number the Predicaments in their order. This being done, he takes his leave of the University, and by the first Carrier, upon a Pack, away he goes by slow Marches into his own Country, with a common place Book, and a *Medulla Theologiæ*, and then have at a Parsonage; for the Gentleman is put

to his choice, either of Preaching or Starving. Now what a Champion for Truth can we expect from such a one as this? What a Raiser of Doctrines, what a Confounder of Heresie will he be? What an expounder of difficult Texts? What a Resolver of cases of Conscience? And what a prudent Shepherd to his whole Flock?

Now as there are some who think that Two or Three Years continuance at the University, to be time sufficient to fit a young man for being a great Instrument in the Church, so others we have so moderate, as to believe, that a solemn admission, and the paying Colledge-Duties (without the trouble of Philosophical Discourses and Disputations, and the like) are virtues that will influence as far as *Cumberland*, and improve though it be as far as St. *Michael*'s Mount. So strangely are some People possessed, with the easiness and the small preparations required for the undertaking of the Ministry, that though in other Professions they plainly see what considerable time is spent by young Students, before they have any hopes of attaining to experience and Knowledge enough to practise; yet to preach to ordinary People, and govern a Country Flock, is usually deem'd such an easie Task, that every one thinks himself fit for the employment; and that as for the knack of Preaching, as they call it, it is a perfection so easily attained, that he is esteemed a Dunce indeed, that is not able at a very small Warning, to fasten upon any Text of Scripture, and to teize and tumble it for an hour, till the Glass be fairly run out, without the C'erks jogging. Though indeed a man had better commit himself to the Instructions and Teaching of an approved Cobler, or Tinker, whereby he may be duly respected according to his Art and Condition of Life, than to live only a disesteem'd Emperick in Divinity.

To

To ſupply this want of Education, many of our Youngſters ſeek to advance their Reputation by affected words, or affected and obſcure Notions: Believing either out of ſimple, fantaſtick, vain Glory, and a great ambition of being admired at, as if getting into the Pulpit were a kind of *Staging*, that nothing is more to be by them conſider'd, than how much the Sermon procures them the gaping and ſtaring of the People; or elſe to gain a reſpect and Reverence from the Auditors, think it convenient to puzzle them, and carry them as it were into the Clouds. Judging, that ſhould the Miniſters words be ſuch as comes to the common Market, plain and practical, he might paſs probably for an honeſt and well meaning man, but by no means for that thing which he would be thought to be, a *Scholar*. Whereas if he give a ſpring now and then in high Raptures towards the uppermoſt Heavens, daſhing here and there an All-amazing word; if he ſoars aloft in bombaſtical Huffs, preaches Points deep and myſtical, and deliver them as dark and Phantaſtical; This is the way to be admired, and accounted a moſt able and profound Inſtructer.

Others there are that ſpice, and beſprinkle their Harangues with Greek, and Latin Sentences. In doing of which, though they ſeem by their ready naming their Authors, to be very converſant with them, yet it many times proves but the gleaning of a quotation happen'd upon by chance; and ſometimes it appears that they are better acquainted with the Character than the ſence, like the Parſon that being to Preach before his Dioceſan, and aſpiring to be more learned then ordinary at ſuch a great time, thunderd forth in the middle of his Sermon out of *Muſeus*, an amorous piece of Courtſhip between *Hero* and *Leander*, quite from the matter. A ſtrange piece of oſtentation to jargonize before Farmers, and Shepheards, or the Patron

of

of the Pariſh ſpecially if inveſted with his Lac'd-coated *London* Viſitants; as if plain words, uſeful, and intelligible matter were not as good for an Eſquire, or one that is in Commiſſion of the Peace, as for him that holds the Plough, or mends Hedges. Another ſort there are that ſtuff their Sermons with frightful metaphors; flie to both the *Indies*, ranſack Heaven and Earth; down to the bottom of the Sea; romage all the Shops and Ware-houſes, ſpare neither Camp nor City, but they will have them. Nay ſo injudicious and impudent will they be ſometimes, that the Almighty himſelf is often in danger of being diſhonour'd; but then to make amends for their unhallowed expreſſions, they ſcrew in an *as it were*, or as *I may ſo ſay*: or elſe they came in hobling with their lame *Submiſſion*, or with Reverence be it ſpoken, as if it were not better to leave out what they foreſee will be interpreted for extravagancy, than to utter that, for which their own conſciences tell them they muſt be forc'd to lay in an Excuſe before-hand.

Some there are whoſe metaphorical Knack is all for the Sea, and then you ſhall hear of nothing but *Star-board* and *Larr-board*; *Stemms*, *Sterns* and *Forecaſtles*, and ſuch ſort of Salt-water Language. Another ſuppoſes himſelf to be ſome great General, and he divides his Text into the *Right* and Left Wing; then he *Rears* it, *Flanks* it, *Intrenches* it, *Storms* it; then he muſters all again, to ſee what words were loſt in the Skirmiſh, and ſo falls on again, charges through and through, routs, kills, takes, and then Gentlemen as you were.

Others there are that are all for lacing their Diſcourſes with Similitudes, which are not onely of little force in Argument, but very trifling and childiſh; eſpecially if you conſider the choiceneſs of the Authors out of which they are furniſh'd. There is the never to be enough commended *Licoſthenes*. There is that exquiſite and moſt elaborate

Piece,

Piece, The *Second Part of Wits Common wealth* (mind it I pray, the Second Part, not the First.) There is beſides a Book wholly conſiſting of Similitudes ready fitted and apply'd to all Preaching Subjects, for the help of young beginners, which nevertheleſs they make to hit but very odly ſometimes.

'Tis reported of a Tree that grows by the River Euphrates, *the Great River* Euphrates, *which brings forth an Apple, to the eye very fair and tempting, but inwardly is fill'd with nothing but tempting and deceitful duſt: Even ſo duſt are we, and to duſt we ſhall go.*

Our Souls gape after thee, O Lord, even as the Oyſter gapes.

God has knit the hearts of his People in a holy Conſpiracy to beſiege Heaven.

God has taken off the Bridle of Reſtraint from the Lips of the People.

God was never ſo tempted to bow the Heavens and come down to reſcue his People.

Others drop into Obſcenity like Him, who was alwaies comparing the ſinfulneſs of Man to *Menſtruous* Clouts.

Others fetch their Similitudes from the Skies. The mercy of God in ſending his Son into the world, was a ſignal mercy, it was *Zodiacal* mercy. I ſay, it was truly *Zodiacal*. For Chriſt keeps within the *Tropics*; he never goes out of the *Pale* of the Church. But yet he is not alwaies at the ſame diſtance from a Believer. Sometimes he withdraws himſelf into the *Apogeum of doubt, ſorrow and deſpair: but then he comes again into the Perigeum of Joy, content and aſſurance: but as for Heathens and Unbelievers, they are Arctic and Antarctic Reprobates.*

A true Believer, my Beloved, is *like a Cat, throw a Cat up, throw her down, ſhe will ſtill light upon her Legs: So let Afflictions toſs a Believer any way, he will ſtill light upon*

the

the Legs of Faith. The blots and blurs of our ſins muſt be taken away by the Aqua-fortis *of our tears*; a moſt Chymical expreſſion.

Can any man imagine how the People ſigh'd and cry'd, when the Parſon made this Metaphyſical Confeſſion for them? *Omnipotent All, Thou art Onely, becauſe Thou art All, and becauſe thou Onely art.* As for us, *We are not; for we are but Mites of Entity, and Crumbs of ſomething.* As if the Common People were bound to underſtand *Suarez*, and the *S*chool Divines.

Did not he do well who taught that Chriſt was a *S*hop-keeper, a Treaſury of all ſorts of Wares and Commodities, and thereupon tearing his wide Throat, cry'd out, *Good People, what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? Will ye have any Balm of* Gilead, *any Eye-ſalve, any Myrrh, Aloes, or Caſſia? Shall I fit ye with a Robe of Righteouſneſs, or with a white Garment? ſee here, what is't you want, here's a choice Armory. Shall I ſhew you a Helmet of Salvation, a Shield, or Breaſt plate of Faith? Or will you pleaſe to walk in, and ſee ſome precious Stones, a Jaſper, a Saphyr, or a Calcedon; what d' ye buy?*

It would be an endleſs thing to reckon up all the follies that have been Preach'd and Printed of this kind. Yet there is one of a Perſon that pretended to great Eloquence in his time, who adviſing the People to run to the Lord, told them, they could not run to the Lord, much leſs go without feet. There are therefore two feet, to run to the Lord: Faith, and Prayer. 'Tis plain that Faith is a foot, for 2 *Cor.* 1. *By Faith we ſtand*; and that Prayer is a Spiritual Leg, appears from *Jonah* 2. 7. *My Prayer came into thy Holy Temple. Heb.* 4. 16. *Let us therefore go unto the Throne of Grace:* there being no coming, and going to the Lord without the Leg of Prayer. The ſame Perſon added, now that theſe feet may be able to bear us hither, we muſt put on

of Hoſe of Faith. For the Apoſtle ſaies, our feet muſt be ſhod with the preparation of the Goſpel. Was it not elegantly obſerv'd, *That Goodneſs was the milky way to Jupiters Pallace.* But that which follows was far more neat and curious, full of fancy, and worthy imitation upon thoſe words of St. *John. Theſe things I write unto you, that ye ſin not.* The obſervation was, That it is the purpoſe of the Scripture to drive men to Heaven, which he made out thus: *The Scriptures contain Doctrines, Precepts, Promiſes, Threatnings, and Hiſtories. Now take theſe five Stones, and put them into the ſcrip of the heart, and throw them with the ſling of Faith by the hand of a ſtrong reſolution, againſt the fore-head of ſin, and we ſhall ſee it fall before us like* Goliah. Now if theſe things flow naturally, or that a young *Levite* can blow 'em out of his Noſe, how happy is he that can ſtoop in his Pulpit, and make uſe of his Hankercher, how eaſy a thing is it to drill out an hour in tickling the Auditors Ears with Parables. But if they come hard, Heav'n's b'eſs us! how does that poor man labour to make an Aſs of himſelf? for Similitudes without Judgement are the moſt ridiculous things in the world: as for example, the *Round Earth cannot fill the Triangular Heart of Man.* A moſt pithie expreſſion to ſet forth the ambition of Mankind. An error to be laught at by the Butchers Boys, who know that the heart is no more Triangular then a Town Top.

The next Ornament of modern Preaching is, *Chiming* of words, as *Faith Hope and Charity, Hope Faith and Charity.* Or thus, like the ſecond-peal changes at St. *Pulchers, Revelations a Lady, reaſon the Handmaid, Revelations the Eſquire*, Reaſon the Handmaid, Revelations *the Sun, Reaſon the* Moon; Then by and by Reaſon leads, *Reaſon is good, but* Revelation much better; Reaſon is *a Counſellor*, Revelation a *Lawgiver*; Reaſon is the *Candle, Revelation*

the Snuffer. Not unlike this was the jingling determination between the old Covenant and the new. *The old Covenant was of works*, the new one of *Faith*; *the old Covenant was by* Moses, *the new by* Christ; *the old Covenant was before*, the new one afterwards. The *old was first, the new one was second.* All which being undeniable Truths, there was an end of the business.

To come now to the method of Preaching, you would think they came into the Pulpit to vent their whimsies, and conceits, rather then to Preach sound Doctrine.

First before the division of the Text, there must be a Preface, wherein it is of great consequence to make the Text like something or other, according to the dictates of his ingenious fancy. One simpers upon his Auditory, and *now methinks*, quo he, *my Text like an ingenious Picture, looks upon all here present*; in which both Nobles and People may behold their sin and danger represented. This was a Text taken out of *Hosea*; but what if it had been taken out of any other place? why still it might have been an ingenious Picture, had the Gentleman so pleas'd. For it was a conceit calculated for the meridian of any Text. And truly in my opinion so were all these that follow. Says one, *I might compare my Text to the Mountains of* Bether, *where the Lord disports himself as a young Hart, or a pleasant Roe among the* Spices. And there was no question but he did so; for 'tis to be suppos'd there was no body so unmannerly as to hinder him. Saies another, *My Text is like the Rod of* Moses, *to divide the waves of sorrow*; *or like the mantle of* Eliah, *to restrain the swelling floods of Grief.* The first mans Text for my mony; what say you? I say this mans----no, you are out----the first mans allusion runs higher. You shall have another climb up to his Text, as thus; *As* Solomon *went up six steps to the Throne of Ivory,*

ry, ſo muſt I aſcend ſix degrees to come to the high meaning of my Text. Cries another, *as* Deborah *aroſe, and went with* Barak *to* Kadeſh; *ſo if you will go with me, and call in at the third verſe of the Chapter I will ſhew you the meaning of my Text.* I aſſure ye, very pretty conceits, both; it would gravel a man which to chooſe. There are beſides theſe ſeveral other ſorts of Texts; and truly 'tis well there are; for ſtore is no ſore. *One like an Orchard of Pome-Granates.* Another *like St.* Matthew *ſitting at the receit of Cuſtom*; a third *like the Dove that* Noah *ſent out of his Ark.* There have been ſeveral Texts like *Rachel* and *Leah*; there is one *Geneſis* more wonderful, like a pair of *Compaſſes ſtradling*; and another much more wonderful then that, *Like a Man going to Jericho.*

The Text being thus choſen, and aſcertain'd what it is like, muſt in the next place be divided, and by and by you ſhall ſee an Orchard of Pome-Granates ſo ſtrangely tranſmogrify'd, that you would never think it the ſame thing, and a man going to *Jericho* ſo mangled and mine'd, that 'twould grieve ye to ſee't. Nevertheleſs you muſt know there is a great difference in the nature of Texts, for ſome *naturally fall* aſunder, ſome *drip* aſunder, ſo me *drop* aſunder, and ſome *melt.* There are ſome Texts that *untwiſt*; and in others the words are ſo willing to be parted, that they *divide themſelves.* On the other ſide ſometimes they meet with a ſort of Texts, ſo like Logwood, that they are forced to divide 'em ſix or ſeven times before they can make 'em ſplit to their minds.

But then, O then, there's the delight of their Souls, when the ſentence ends with a jingling Rhyme, and crys clink i'the cloſe; as *accuſatio vera, comminatio ſevera: Dei Amor, Diaboli clamor; miraculum in modo, miraculum in nodo.* Theſe were Ticklers But commend me to him that took theſe words for his Text. *Mat.* 12. 43. 44, 45. *When*

the unclean Spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh thorow dry places, ſeeking reſt and finding none; Then he ſaith, I will return, &c. In which words wonderful things were found out almoſt paſt imagination, firſt there was a *Captain* and a *Caſtle.* Then there was an *Ingreſs*, an *Egreſs*, a *Regreſs*, *and Reingreſs*; all theſe things followed of conſequence, in regard of the *Caſtle.* But then there was unrooſting, and unreſting; for the Caſtle was taken. Then there was number and name; that was in reference to the Garriſon. Then there was *Manner*, & *Meaſure*, *Trouble*, and *Tryal*, *Reſolution*, and *Revolution*, *Aſſault*, and *Aſſaſſination*, *Voydneſs*, and *Vacuity.* Thus you ſee by the lucky finding out that *Captain*, and that *Caſtle*, what a world of other buſineſs fell in courſe. This 'tis to have an exuberant fancy, and to have one Eye i'the Air, and another upon his Text.

But more to be admired was he, that out of theſe eight words, *Weep not for me, but for your ſelves*, ſpun out no leſs then eight parts. 1. *Weep not.* 2. *But Weep.* 3. *Weep not, but Weep.* 4. *Weep for me.* 5. *For your ſelves.* 6. *For me, for your ſelves.* 7. *Weep not for me.* 8. *But for your ſelves.* This Gentleman had a ſtrange Command of his tears. Nay he could weep and not weep, he was Weeping-Maſter General of *England.* Every Man to his calling: the Souldier to his, *Prime your Pan, cock your Match, blow your Cole, Preſent*, &c. The Weeper to his, *Weep, weep not, weep not for me, for your ſelves, weep and not weep*; Who would not go to this Gentlemans grieving School for an hour or ſo, to hear how prettily theſe words of command run?

Nor was he to be leſs reſpected, who taking his Text out of *Gen.* 48. 2 *And one told Jacob, and ſaid, Behold thy Son Joſeph cometh unto thee*, preſently made it out to the People that *his Text* was a Spiritual Dyal For ſaid he, *Here are in my Text twelve words, which do plainly repreſent the twelve Hours. Twelve words*; *and one told* Jacob, *behold*

thy

thy Son Joseph *cometh unto thee.* Here is farther, *behold*, which is the Dyal that turns and points at every word in the Text. Behold *And*, behold *one*, behold I *told*, behold *Jacob*. Again behold, *And*, behold *Said*, behold, *behold*, which is the reason that this word *behold* is placed in the middle of the twelve words, indifferently pointing at each.

Now for the *Doctrines*, *Observations*, and *Inferences* raised from their Texts, they are without all Compare.

One takes for his Text, that of *Isaiah* 41 14, 15. *Fear not thou worm* Jacob, &c. *thou shalt thresh the Mountains.* Whence he observed, that the *Worm* Jacob *was a threshing Worm.*

A second from the Text *Gen.* 44. 1. *And he commanded the Steward of his house, saying, fill the mens Sacks with Corn, as much as they can carry*, plaid this division upon the plain song, *That great Sacks and more Sacks, would hold more than few Sacks and little Sacks? For look*, said he *as they came prepared with Sacks and Beasts, so they were sent back with Corn. The greater and the more Sacks they had prepared, the more Corn they carried away, the lesser and fewer they had, the less Corn they carried away.* Let the World judge whether this Gentleman was not resolv'd to speak truth.

No less careful of uttering truth was he, that upon *John* 2. *v.* 15. *And when he had made a Scourge of small Cords, he drave them all out of the Temple*, made this Discovery; 1. That a Scourge might be made in the Church or Temple, *And when he had made a Scourge.* 2. That it might be made use of, *he drove them out of the Temple.* Upon *Matth.* 4. 25. *And there followed him great multitudes of People from* Galilee, he proved another *Columbus*, thus, *I discover*, saies he, *when Jesus prevails with us, we shall leave our* Galilees. 2. I dis-

cover.

cover alſo a great Miracle, that the way after Jeſus being ſtreight, that ſuch a multitude ſhould follow him. But never was Hawk more quick-ſighted than he upon *Matth.* 5. 1. *And ſeeing the multitude, he went up into the Mountain*; where he diſcovered, That Chriſt went from the Multitude; that it was ſafe taking warning by our Eyes; for *ſeeing the multitude he went up.* 3. That it was not always fit to be upon plains and flats with the Multitude: Then upon the latter part of the words, *And when he was ſet, his Diſciples came unto him*; he diſcovered, 1ſt, That Chriſt was not always in motion. 2dly, That he did not walk upon the Mountain but ſat; from whence, in the 3d place, he raiſed this Admonition to the People, That when they were teaching, they ſhould not move too much, for that was to be carried away with every wind of Doctrine: unheard of curioſities! O theſe Univerſity *Wits!* there are no men in the World like'em. Will ye have a ſhort & witty Diſcovery? mind this upon *Mat.* 6. 27. *Which of you by taking thought can add one Cubit to his Stature?* The Diſcovery was, *That whilſt the Diſciples were taking thought for a Cubit, Chriſt thought fit to take them down a Cubit lower.* How divinely was he inſpired, that made the following Diſcoveries upon *Matth.* 8. 2. *When he came down from the Mountain great Multitudes followed him.* 1. That Chriſt came down, as well as he went up. 2. That the Multitude did not go hail fellow well met with him. Such a man as this deſerved a good Living; for he ſpoke nothing but upon ſolid Grounds. But now here's a diſcovery deſerves to be recorded in Hiſtory. *Matth.* 12. 47. *Then one ſaid unto him, behold, thy Mother and thy Brethren ſtand without; but he anſwered and ſaid, who is my Mother, and who are my Brethren?* upon which he diſcovered, that Jeſus was upon Buſineſs.

Others

Others there are, who being appointed or chuſing to preach upon ſome point of Divinity, avoid the plain and eaſie places, tending or relating to that Subject, and fetch it in by Head and Shoulders out of foreign Texts nothing at all to the purpoſe; which ſhews a great Maſterpiece of Learning; for then the People cry, I could not imagine what Mr. *ſuch a one* drove at; but yet at length how cunningly he brought it in.—He 's a quaint man. Suppoſe for Example, that a young Gentleman were to preach up Epiſcopacy, you ſhall have him baulk all other Texts and take this, *Sirs, what ſhall I do to be ſaved?* For the Greek word for *Sirs*, being *Lords*, therefore they were Biſhops that were ſpoken to. Another being to preach up Kingly Government, forſook all other Topicks, and choſe that of the Evangeliſt, *Seek firſt the Kingdom of God.* From whence he prov'd that Kingly Government was moſt pleaſing to God. And indeed, but that ſome men are not ſo apprehenſive as others, the thing is plain; for the Text does not ſay the Common-Wealth of God, nor the Ariſtocracy of God, but the Kingdom of God. But what could be more quaint than this? Suppoſe I were to preach againſt *non* Reſidence; I would ſcorn the common road--- Why? What would you do? Oh! I have it i'my head already, I would chuſe that of *Matth.* 1. 2. *Abraham begat Iſaac.* For (and I wonder how a man could miſs it) had *Abraham* gone a gadding abroad, and not reſided with *Sarah*, he had never done his buſineſs, he had never begat *Iſaac.*

If there be any who think I enumerate theſe things out of diſaffection, they have as little Charity for me, as they have for themſelves; there being nothing more frequent among them, than Envy, Paſſion, Repining, and ſupplanting of each other. There is certainly a moſt profound

profound and awful Reverence to be paid to a true, found, and Orthodox Teacher and Expounder of ſacred Writ; but for every Whiffler in Divinity to arrogate that eſteem to himſelf, meerly for his Habits ſake, without intrinſecal worth, is a meer preſumption. They ſhould labour by imitation of their betters, to gain that eſteem, which would be then their due. But inſtead of following their Studies, as they ought to do, you ſhall find ſome idleing away their time in Coffee Houſes, and chattering State Affairs, which nothing belong to them. Others you ſhall meet handing young brisk Ladies in the ſtreet; a moſt unſeemly ſight to ſee long Gowns and Petticoats together; as if there were not lac'd Cravats and Ruffles enough about the Town for that amarous employment: To ſay truth, we have too much prating in *England*, eſpecially in great Cities, where the Bells never lie ſtill all the Week long, from Six a Clock in the morning, till Five at night. And all this to feed the Oſtentation of our Pulpit-Thraſhers. And yet all this while even Preaching itſelf, is, without all doubt, not to be accounted ſo eſſential a part of Divine Worſhip, as Prayer is. In which aſſertion I take the greater boldneſs, knowing that Sermons are only well ſtudied Exhartations, and methodiz'd Inſtructions, whoſe chiefeſt end is but to incite men to the duty of Prayer, or teach 'em the right uſe thereof. An Exerciſe confin'd within the narrow limits only of Induſtry and ſound Learning; of which great Perfections there are but few of your common *Hackny* Sermon-makers, that are too too much guilty. Were Sermons therefore leſs frequent, they would be much more valued: For then would men have time to meditate, and their abortive Irreverences would not drop ſo often from their Mouths, without Soul or Life, as not having ſtaid their time in the Womb of Meditation.

will appeal to the reaſon of any man, whether it be within the Verge of Mortality, for a perſon to preach at Six of the Clock in the morning in *Cornhil*, by Ten at St. *Martins Outwich*, and in the Afternoon to be poſted out of Town Six or Seven Miles with a job of Journy work, to pleaſe a Benefactor in the Country. Nor is this all, three or four caſts of his Office on the Week days, and his hand always open at an hours warning for a Funeral Fee beſides. Surely ſuch a one muſt have a large ſtock of *ready cut and dri'd* to ſet up withal, or muſt be a great Conner of other mens works, or elſe it is impoſſible that ſuch a ſuperabundance ſhould be other than the riff-raff, and *quicquid in Buccam venerit* of a mercenary Brain. Neither is this one ſingle Doctors opinion. I find that reverend and learned Prelate, Bp. *Andrews*, confeſſing his own inſufficiency to preach twice in one day, and giving to his Afternoon Exerciſes the ſevere appellation of *Prating*. Which ſhall we follow then? The light of ſuch a Star of the firſt magnitude in the Firmament of the Church of *England*? Or the clouded Reflections of meer Divinity Meteors, that run whisking up and down to vent their undigeſted conceits, as the Wind of their Phantaſtical Doctrines agitates 'em? What a ſtrange piece of ridiculous Devotion it is, that half a Score Aſtrologizing Conjurers cannot meet over a Leg of Mutton and Colli-flowers, but they muſt have a pickl'd Sermon to prepare their Stomachs. A Uſurer cannot dye, a man perhaps that got the very Reward of his Funeral Oration over the Devils Back, but he muſt have a Sermon forſooth, in praiſe of what he never had, his laudable Virtues.

But theſe are accounted helps, or additions, to an ordinary living. And truly if double diligence were a Trade, this double Diligence and carking good Husbandry

might be excus'd, to satisfy the clamours of a wife for a new Gown, or a fine Petticoat: but it is not for those unjustifiable expences, or to maintain the Pride of Parsons Wives, that there should be a due, and competent maintenance allowed the Clergy, but to preserve them from that contempt that falls upon Poverty. For,

Nil habet infælix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

'Tis a sad thing to see so many young Officers in Divinity sneaking in several Villages of the Nation with a lamentable exhibition of ten or fifteen pounds *p. Annum*, and either teaching the meanest of the Parish, or learning themselves to drink Ale, and smoak Tobacco i'the Chimney-corner at old Gammer such a ones House, while he that enjoys the larger profits of the same Parish is taking his pleasure in some place of more benefit, and better adorn'd with pleasing Society. And indeed there is nothing can be thought to have more hinder'd the People from a due estimation of the *Common Prayer* or *Liturgy* of the Church, than the employing so many pitiful triplings, and illiterate old mumblers to read those sacred Forms of Prayer. Nor does any thing more keep back the dissatisfied People of the Nation, from coming to Church till the Service be over, than that it is hurried over by some underling twelve pound a year Disciple, with whose Education they are so well acquainted as to know him scarce able to read the Lessons without canning them over. For though the Office of a Reader be only to read word for word, yet People love he should be a Person that understands what he reads. But if such a one ventures into the Pulpit, 'tis then a hundred to one but he prates all the Congregation asleep; for 'tis a hard matter for the People to believe that such a one can talk any thing to the purpose, that wants ordinary food for his Family, whose best meal all the week is the Tan-

ners

ners Beef and Pudding for his empty Sermon on *Sunday*, or that his advice and admonitions can come from Heaven, of whom Providence seems to have taken so little care. Were true vertue and right Judgment reigning in the hearts of men, such idle prejudices would vainly be suppos'd, and the Doctrine that proceeded from the most tatter'd habit, would be as acceptable as the sayings that flow'd from the mouth of one clad in Silk. But in regard the world is not so absolutely perfect, it is never to be question'd whether the *Alms-Man Teacher* of a Parish can be respected by those to whom he is beholding for his daily Bread? Whether he that can't look out of his Pulpit into the Church but that he spies one or other, upon whom he depends, and for want of mony has not confidence to reprehend his Sexton, can utter with courage any thing that can be so beneficial to his People, as to render them his diligent hearers, and hearty respecters.

The Divine Service as true is the same, whether read in a Cathedral, or a Thatch'd Church; whether read by an Archbishop, or the meanest of his Priests. But as the Solemnity of the place has a great influence upon the Peoples devotion, so likewise the condition, and quality of the Person that readeth, whose circumstances, as to this life are so bad, and low in this world. Nor do they delight to confess their sins, or sing Praises to God with him who sighs more for want of mony, and Victuals, then for his trespasses, and offences.

Nor indeed can this well otherwise be. For where the Minister is hard pinch'd as to the toserable conveniences of this life, the chief of his care must be spent, not in considering what Text to take, what Doctrine to Preach, what Authors to make use of, but the chief of his thoughts must be how to live, and provide for his Family. He is musing when the next comfortable, and seasonable

Gooſe, or the next Basket of bak'd Pears will come to cherish his forlorn Stomach: and how he ſhall hold out till his ſmall offerings come in. He is pining after the conſolations of the next Chriſtning Cakes, and the comforts of the next Marriage, or Funeral. In the midſt of theſe fears, diſaſters of great conſequence attacque him. The uncompaſſionate Kite ſurprizes two of his unfortunate Chickens out of the number of three: his onely Sow miſcarries: His Neighbours Horſe breaks his Hedge, and devours the ſuſtenance of his ſingle Cow. To him the loſſes of a Spaniſh Merchant, and far more diſtracting; nay we'll ſuppoſe him ſometimes forc'd to mount his ſlow-pac'd *Pegaſus*, between a pair of Doſſers, to carry his brace of Geeſe to Market, for the return of a brown Loaf, and a hard Cheeſe: Cares which are altogether incompatible with Study. The other are conſiderations befitting a poor mans thoughts. For a Family cannot be govern'd by Texts and Contexts: nor will the Infant that lies crying in the Cradle be ſatisfied without a little milk, and perhaps a little Sugar too, though there ſhould be ſome ſhort Syſtem of Divinity in the Houſe.

But grant that our Diminutive Divine be at ſomewhat more reſt in his mind, and that he have ſome kind of competency to anſwer the cravings of Humane Nature; yet not being able to purchaſe the neceſſary helps of good Books, it is impoſſible he ſhou'd ever attain to thoſe accompliſhments which are requiſite to gain him that eſteem which ſhould give him credit in his Preaching. For it is not a ſmall ſix-peny Concordance, nor a Latin Book of Sentences nor *Caryl upon Pineda*, nor *Dod upon the Commandments*, nor *Clarks lives of Famous Men*, wherein many things are taken upon truſt, *that will do the work*. Divinity is a copious ſtudy; and there are ſo many great men that have writ upon the Subject in all its parts, as require the purchaſe

chaſe of more Languages than one: ſo that they who are diſenabled from the purchaſing part, are no way to be entruſted with the teaching part. A great pity no doubt, that thus it ſhould be, for there are certainly no doubt, ſeveral in this condition, whoſe better parts and ingenuities are curb'd and depreſs'd by theſe Domeſtick neceſſities. For,

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi.....

But ſuch is the eagerneſs, and ambition that ſome People have of going into Orders, that though the Churches, and Chappels we have, are enough, conſidering the bigneſs of the Nation, yet in reſpect of that infinite number that are in holy Orders, there is a very great want. Now whether it be moſt convenient to make Miniſters for Churches, or Churches for Miniſters is the Queſtion. But the Proverb is, talk of any thing but building of Churches. For if we build more Churches, we muſt make more Land for their endowment: which cannot be done without drying up the Sea, and that's a very difficult Task.

However they will get into Orders, come what will of it, though perhaps they underſtand neither their meſſage nor their buſineſs. For ſome are hugely in love with the meer Title of a Prieſt, or Miniſter; others fancy that a long crape Gown, and Caſſock is a handſome garment, though it be in the Winter, and never paid for. But if they get but a Scarf about their Necks, by vertue of a Chaplainſhip in ſome Noble Family, then how big they look in an Engliſh Bookſellors Shop? for the Latin ones they ſeldom haunt, as being out of their ſphear. From thence they cluſter to the Coffee-Houſe, there to order the Government, and rail againſt the Diſſenters, men of far more underſtanding than themſelves, and ſhew an equal compoſition of diſcretion, learning, and charity, of each two drams; their diſcretion in medling with thoſe things that nothing con-

concern them, their learning in the management of their Arguments, and their charity in the continual invectives against they know not who themselves, and of whom they know no more by due proof, but that they are their fellow Christians. 'Twas a happy invention for the Crape Gown Men this setting up of Coffee-Houses; For to drink in Taverns was scandalous, to be seen in an Alehouse more unbeseeming; but to sit idling away their time in a Coffee House, like the Disciples of *Italy and Mahomet*, till it be time to go to farthing *Lantrarton* with a young Gentlewoman, that's an employment without the verge of reprehension: Especially if they can be heard to bail loud enough, like the Popes white Boys, against Heresie, Schism, and Fanaticism. But what's become of *Rome*, and the so much exclaim'd against *Babylon*? Those are Airy notions now, *Fanaticism* and *Dissenterism* is the mode now, and as they are modish in their Habits, they think it more convenient to be modish in their Sermons. Besides the Papists are a sort of cunning Fellows, they argue shrewdly, they dispute Philosophically and Metaphysically. And there be many knotty points in controversie between them and the Church of *England*, which cost King *James*, Archbishop *Laud*, and several others, much pains and labour in those days to refute, and of late have put Bp. *Gunning*, Bp. *Barlow*, and Dr. *Stillingfleet* to look to their Hits: And therefore our *Crape Gown* men think it more convenient to let them alone, than to betray their folly and their ignorance. But for the *Fanaticks*, they are more easily dealt with: 'Tis but going into a Pulpit and calling a man *Fanatick*, and he's presently confuted with a jerk; 'tis but calling a *Dissenter Schismatick*; 'tis but calling *Religion Division*, and there's an end of the business. The *Observator*'s learn'd half Sheets come easily at a Penny a piece; but *Grotius*'s Works will cost Four

Pounds

Pounds odd money, and that will go far in a new *Crape Gown*, and a narrow brim'd Hat, with a Periwig to boot. And therefore who would not chuse a lazie Coffee-drinking Life, with the pleasure of good Company, and suffer themselves to be deluded back to the vomit of Popery, though to their own destruction, than undergo the labour of a studious Life, and improving themselves in the soundness of that Doctrine which they outwardly profess. But let them consider how vainly they contend to suffocate what God has so miraculously detected; let them consider the inconveniences of being led astray by mercenary Scriblers against the discoveries of Heaven; let them consider how wonderfully Providence has protected the Church of *England*, of which they pretend themselves the Sons and Children, against all the various and bloody Machinations of Popery against it, ever since the first dawn of Reformation; and upon these considerations let them at length give over their cologuing adherence to the Fascinations of *Rome*, bearing in mind that assertion of sacred Writ, *That there is no Enchantment against* Jacob, *nor Divination against* Israel, *the lot of God's Inheritance, and his peculiar care.*

But then again, how strangely conceited are they, that after a long consideration, serious meditation, and recollection of mind, are so vain as to put their *Conundrums*, their *Quibbles*, and their *Quibus's* in Print. I met the other day with the quaintest Raptures and Extasies of a Bathonian Sermon, Preached and Printed by a Gowned Minister; that certainly the Wit of Man never invented sooner. 'Twas a Blot upon himself, to make himself the *Chrysostome* of the Age. You shall see how he plays with the Greek, as a Cat plays with a Mouse.

Hast thou a *Kephalaia*, does thy Head ach? Hath thou an *Ophthalmia*, are thine Eyes inflam'd? Hast thou an *Aphonia*, is thy Speech taken from thee? Hast thou

an

an *Osphyalgia*, doe thy Loyns chasten thee in the night season? Mark, my Beloved, that Seraphick Interpretation of the word *Osphyalgia*. Hast thou a *Volvulus Intestinorum*, a *Miserere mei*, and forc'd to cry out, Oh, my Bowels, my Bowels. Hast thou a *Kakocroia*, is thy Body turn'd black and sallow? Hast thou a *Paralysis*, is the use of thy Limbs taken from thee? This is call'd playing at Shittlecock with Greek words. What man of sense could have refrain'd from laughing in the Church, to have heard such a piece of Pulpit Buffonry,

The same Person from *Job* 26. *v.* 21. undertakes to prove that the Bill of Exclusion was contrary to Scripture, and that the Parliament were a Company of hot Headed fellows, for reprimanding and making *Thompson* kneel at their Bar. Now would I fain know what *Job* had to do with the Bill of Exclusion, or the Parliaments severity. But Heavens bless us, when some men get into a Pulpit, they are so rampant, so *hoytie toytie*, they know not where their Tails hang. In the next place commend me to that incomparable and admirable Translation of a piece of Latine, Printed by the *Ludgate* Excommunicator, *Nunquam nec Albiani, nec Nigriani, nec Cassiani invenire potuerunt Christiani*: that is, Never was a true Christian found a Traitor to his Prince. This 'tis to have a sharpness and acuteness of Wit beyond the common reach of Mankind.

Now lastly, I cannot but admire at that delicate Inscription that was printed upon the Portico of a Nuptial Harangue. The *Royal Merchant*, or a Sermon, by which you are to understand, that the two married couple were to take a Trading Voyage to *Matrimony*. and that Matrimony is a Trading Voyage.

Whether what hath been said will have any operation upon our *Crapt-Gown men*, or no, I know not; But that they may see how ridiculous they are, when they stand fretting, and fuming, and heating themselves about *State Affairs* in their Pulpits, they are desired to read the short Sermon that follows, which if it be not altogether their own words, I am sure is altogether their own sense.

Rablais

RABLAIS, *Chap.* 32. *Vertu nescio quo.*

Then Grandgousier *sending to know what the matter was, found that some of his people had taken certain Simnels from the Subjects of* Picrochol.

MAn of all Creatures is the onely creature that proposes to himself an Aim and an End in what he does. For Man is the onely Creature that Thinks. Yet there be some that say the Beasts do think as well as he. *Rorarius* for one: Who that *Rorarius* was, I cannot tell: I must confess I never read him, but I have heard say so, and that's enough. Neither do I believe a word he says: And my great Argument is this; for that it is impossible that a Beast should have Reason. You'll say perhaps, What is this to the purpose? I come not here to extol my own parts, as being the meanest of my Tribe. But the sight of so many Worthy persons as I behold in this Assembly, inspires me, methinks, with higher thoughts. Therefore it is that I have led ye out of the way, that I might have the happiness to lead ye into the way: therefore it is that I have carried ye afar off, that I might have the opportunity to take ye all by the hands & lead ye home again to my Text. My Text, that is like a shady gloomy Wood; where, as I may say, a man cannot see Wood from Trees. Here is in my Text a certain Meaning and profound Sence to be found

out, that lies concealed among Bushes and Underwoods. And thus it is a frequent thing among us, after a long hunting to start a Hare in a Wood; and then we pursue the little Animal with a full Crie. And thus, my beloved, as I have brought ye into a Wood, so I must endeavour to help ye out again. Here is a certain person in a brown Study, pondering, and meditating, and considering with himself; and at length, after a serious exercise of his Thoughts, he found there was something in the Wind: And therefore he sent to know what was the matter. So then, my beloved, here is the *Hoti*, and the *Dioti*. Here is the *Hoti*, because he found there was something in the Wind: And here is the *Dioti*, therefore he sent to know what was the matter; *Then* Grandgousier, *sending to know what was the matter, found*, &c. Here is then the Person, *Grandgousier*: Here is the person that sent: Here is the person that sent to know: Here is the person that sent to know what was the matter. Then here is the person that found: Here is the person that found out, the person that found out that some of his Subjects; that some of his Subjects had taken away the Simnels from *Picrochols* people. Then here is *Grandgousier* the King; a King that sought, a King that sent, a King that found, a King that found out what was the matter: In a word, a King that made a great discovery. He was a King, for he had power: He sent; he sent and found out; he did not send by the Penny-post-men of little value, he sent persons of Wisdom and Discretion; persons that sought, persons

ſons that ſought and found. *Verum enim verò quando quidem dubio procul quoniam ita certe res ſe habet*, quoth St. *Bernard*; and therefore in the management of State-affairs, as it behoves a Prince to have wiſe and diſcreet Counſellors about him; So that Prince who has not, ſhall never make thoſe Diſcoveries which otherwiſe he might. For it is plain from my Text, that a King did, and a King may make a Diſcovery. But forſooth, we have a ſort of people in this Nation that will have the King make no diſcoveries; that would have him be altogether in the dark: I have 'em in my eye, and I ſhall have a touch with 'em preſently. Well then, here is a Diſcovery made by *Grandgouſier*, that his Subjects, that his Subjects had taken away, that they had taken away the Simnels from *Picrochol*'s people: *Then* Grandgouſier, *ſending to know what the matter was, found that ſome of his people had taken certain Simnels from* Picrochol's *people.* Leaving therefore the firſt part of my Text, I ſhall come to the Diſcovery, the Diſcovery made of the Simnels being taken away by *Picrochol's* people. Of all which in their order.

The word *Diſcovery*, in the Hebrew *Jetour*, in the Greek *Apo-calypſis*, in the Latine *Detectio*, ſignifies the diſcloſing of a thing concealed: and indeed we have had of late years ſtrange Diſcoveries. Diſcoveries of *Popiſh Plots*, *Meal-tub Plots*, and *Presbyterian Plots*. As for the two firſt, I believe nothing of them: For *Rome* and we are agreed: And why the Pope or the Papiſts ſhould plot againſt us, I neither can nor will underſtand. And beſides it is con-

trary to the Doctrine of *Sam's* Coffee-houſe: But for the Presbyterian Plot, I believe it from my heart: For the Presbyterians, my beloved, are the Subjects of *Grandgouſier*, and ſo are all all the reſt of the *Diſſenters* and *Fanaticks*. *Grandgouſier* ſignifies *Rebellion* in the original: and therefore ſaith that Famous *Origen*, *Sufficit nobis quod cognoſcimus Patrem Garagantuæ, & abolebitur nomen ejus.* Now then *Grandgouſier's* Subjects are diſcovered; and ſo there's the firſt thing made out, that is the Diſcovery. And here I muſt tell ye, my beloved, that there is a great contention between the Subjects of *Grandgouſier*, and us that are the people of *Picrochol*, concerning the Succeſſion. Now we have diſputed and argued the Caſe among our ſelves, and we find the Succeſſion to be as plain as the Sun at noon-day: For *David* begat *Solomon*, *Solomon* begat *Rehoboam*, and ſo onward, and ſtill you ſee they ſucceeded one another. And though I will not be ſo ſevere as to blame every particular Parliament man; yet this I dare be bold to ſay, they carried the buſineſs higher than they needed to have done: For Loyalty is Loyalty, according to the words of St. *Cyprian*; *Toyaute taute Foberotaton Hapantoon tan tan toon toon.* Neither can Loyalty be Diſloyalty, nor Diſloyalty be Loyalty. Now as there are ſigns of Grace, ſo there are certain ſigns of Loyalty. In the firſt place, for a man to wear a *Scarlet Twiſt* under his Hat band, is a great ſign of Loyalty: For there is a ſtrange Sympathy between the Heart and the Hat. As the Heart moves, ſo the Hat moves: If the Heart be dutiful and reſpectful,

ſpectful, off goes the Hat. A diſloyal Heart, a diſloyal Hat: Which we find to true by the *Quakers* themſelves; who will neither put off their Hats, nor Swear before a Magiſtrate, Two great marks of Diſloyalty. I remember, my beloved, that *Pantagruel* dreamt a Dream, and his Dream was this: he dreamt that he was beloved and careſſed by a fair Lady; but at length, that he was metamorphos'd into a Drum, and the Lady into Madam *Madge Howlet*. So it is with the *Quakers*, while the Lady *Faction* careſſes them in their fond Dreams: But the time is coming, and I hope to ſee it, when they ſhall be turned into Drums; that is, be ratled and thumped till they roar again; and *Faction* ſhall be turned into a Female-*Buzzard*, according to that of the Poet; *Hyſteron, tantomenon megalopton otera whyon.* Again, my beloved, Scarlet is a Royal Colour: The Robes are Scarlet; and therefore they that wear Scarlet Twiſts i'their Hats, muſt of neceſſity be true blue, as they ſay. For the Twiſt ſignifies Allegiance; and Scarlet ſignifies Cordial, as being the colour of the Heart. So put both together, the Twiſt and the Scarlet, and there's *Cordial Allegeance.*

The ſecond mark of Loyalty, is to drink the D's health, and crie *Huzzah* — If you ſtamp upon your Hat at the ſame time, 'tis ſtill a ſign of a more tranſported Loyalty. For by trampling upon your Hats, you ſhew your readineſs to throw your Lives and Fortunes at his Feet. But to return to the word *Huzzah*--- It is a word of a moſt ſublime ſignification — It was invented for the uſe of the Knights

of

of the Order of St *Dive Bouteille*, as you may read in *Joſephus*'s Antiquities of the *Jews*. Some derive it from the Hebrew word *Hoz*, which ſignifies Wealth or Riches, to ſhew that when you drink the *D.*'s Health, and cry *Huzzah*, you drink it out of the abundance of your Loyalty. Others derive this Seraphic *Huzzah* from the Hebrew word *Hazah*, to ſnore or be ſleepie; and then it carries with it this ſignification: That no man ought to ſnore or ſleep when the *D.*'s Health is drinking; or if he do, that he ought to be waked i'the Devils Name with a *Huzzah*.

Thus you have the Diſcovery, and the Diſcovery made. And now I come to the Third part, and that is the *Simnels*, or the taking away of the *Simnels*.

Upon the opening of theſe Words, the Cabinet of my Text diſcloſes unto you three things. Firſt, That the *Simnels* were taken away. Secondly, The perſons that did take them away, *viz.* The Subjects of *Grangouſier*. And thirdly, from whom; from the people of *Picrochol*.

And firſt of the firſt, That is, of the *taking away of the Simnels*. Here it is plain, from the Words of my Text, that there was a wrong and injury done; the *Simnels were taken away*. Not willingly, you may be ſure; for elſe there had been no cauſe of complaint; but by force, by violence, againſt Law, and againſt Reaſon theſe *Simnels* were taken away, *Violentia extra modum eſt violentia Carnalis*, ſaith *Origen*; the fitteſt Author in the World to be quoted

ted upon this Subject. For as he made himself an *Eunuch*, and gueld himself; so would the Subjects of *Grandgousier*, the Subjects of Rebellion, geld us of our *Simnels*, take away our *Simnels* by force and violence. Now, my beloved, me thinks I hear you asking me what these *Simnels* are? These *Simnels*, my beloved, are the Rights and Priviledges of us Church-men.

These are the *Simnels* which the Subjects of *Grandgousier*, the Fanaticks and Dissenters, men that will not crie *Huzzah* — nor wear Scarlet Twists in their Hats, would take away from us. There is our *Simnel* of Bowing at the Altar: There is our *Simnel* of the Surplice: There is our *Simnel* of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, and that has many Plums in it. The Plums of Commination: The Plums of Excommunication: The Plums of Endictments, Fining and Imprisonment for Conscience-sake. Then there is our choicest *Simnel* of all, the *Simnel* of our Livings and our Tythes. And lastly, there is our *Simnel* of *Succession*: for the Dukes Case is a hard Case, my beloved; the Scripture tells us so. All these *Simnels*, my beloved, would the Fanaticks, the Subjects of *Grandgousier*, take from us by force and violence. Now if the King and the Council, and the Lord Mayor, and the Justices of the Peace, will not mind these things, we are to put them in mind of their duty, and their neglect of the Church. And then again, if the State do think the Fanaticks to be ill Members of the Nation, disturbers of the Government, and to prosecute them for that reason, then are we to encourage the

State,

State, to bring Texts of Scripture for the *State*; then are we to run with the Stream of publick busines, to Glose and Flatter like true Politicians, and all this that we may not lose another *Simnel* of ours, which is the sweet *Simnel* of Preferment. Were I now to preach before a great Magistrate that had the Power in his hands, I would say, My Lord, you bear not the Sword in vain ---- The Fanaticks, the Fanaticks, the Subjects of *Grandgousier*, the Sons of *Rebellion*, my Lord, would take our *Simnels*, our Rites and Priviledges from us. Where are all your Penal Statutes, your Fines, and Imprisonments? Let 'em be fin'd and imprison'd, nay hang'd, my Lord. Let 'em be excommunicated. Do you send 'em to us, and we'll excommunicate 'em, and then we'll send 'em to you again, and do you send 'em to *Newgate*, my Lord. What's the reason we have not Juries and Common-council-men for our turn? The Land mourns for the sins of Juries and Common-council-men. And it is your, and other Magistrates duty to look after these things. Now if my Lord should say, Trouble not your heads with these things that nothing concern ye; Do you endeavour to refute and convince them of their Errours by sound Doctrine and good example of Life. Then would I say, No, my Lord; they will never be convinced by us; for we have not Wit nor Learning enough to do it; neither can we take so much pains. 'Tis easier to talk an hour about State-affairs, and make Satyrs against the Fanaticks, than to preach convincing and sound Doctrine. The Fanaticks therefore must be confuted by Bolts and Shackles, by Fines

and Impriſonments, by Excommunications and Excerminations: And therefore pray, my Lord, let 'em be ſcourg'd out of the Temple; let 'em be whipp'd out of the Nation; and let us not loſe our *Simnels* through Oſcitancy and Spaniſh Conſideration. And ſo I come to the laſt part of my Text, *the People of* Picrochol. Who are they? The People of *Picrochol*, my beloved, are our ſelves. *Picros* in the original ſignifies *bitter*, *ſtingie*, *ſharp*; and *Kole* ſignifies *anger*. And have not we reaſon to be bitterly angry, ſtingily angry, ſharply angry with thoſe that would take away our *Simnels*? So have I ſeen, when a young Child has careleſly held a piece of Bread and Butter in his hand and looked another way, that a *Grandgouſier* Dog has come and ſnatch'd away the Childs Bread and Butter, the Childs *Simnel*, and run away with it. Thus we are not to hold our *Simnels* careleſly in our hands; but we are to watch and take care that our *Simnels*, our Rights, and our Priviledges be not taken away. Fears and Jealouſies; Jealouſies and Fears: Strange Fears, ſtrange Jealouſies are among us. The City is ill principled; our Sheriffs are *Whiggs*; our Common council and Jury-men are rotten at Core. Hence our Fears, hence our Jealouſies; hence our Jealouſies, hence our Fears, our *Simnels* are in danger. But we hope the Magiſtrate and the Civil Government will look better to things than they have done. If they don't, they ſhall hear of us every *Sunday*, as long as our Throats can ſwallow *Coffee* and *Tea*.

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